

Thomas Hardy's "In Time of the 'Breaking of Nations'" (1915; 1916)

I

Only a man harrowing clods
In a slow silent walk
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
Half asleep as they stalk.

II

Only thin smoke without flame 5
From the heaps of couch-grass;
Yet this will go onward the same
Though Dynasties pass.

III

Yonder a maid and her wight
Come whispering by: 10
War's annals will cloud into night
Ere their story die.